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P O E M S,

BY THE REV. W. T A S K E R, A. B.

An O D E
T O T H E
WARLIKE GENIUS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD AMHERST.

THE THIRD EDITION WITH ADDITIONS,

An O D E T O C U R I O S I T Y,
A BATHEASTON AMUSEMENT.

THE SECOND EDITION.

A P O E T I C A L E N C O M I U M O N T R A D E,
Addressed to the MERCANTILE CITY of BRISTOL.

AND, AN E P I T A P H I N T E N D E D F O R
THE REVEREND MR. E C C L E S, LATE OF BATH;

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M D C C L X X I X.

P R I C E H A L F - A - C R O W N.

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T O
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
J E F F E R Y,
L O R D A M H E R S T,
B A R O N A M H E R S T,
OF HOLMES-DALE, IN KENT,
K N I G H T O F T H E B A T H,
GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES,
LIEUTENANT GENERAL OF THE ORDNANCE,
GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF GUERNSEY,
COLONEL OF THE THIRD REGIMENT OF FOOT,
COLONEL IN CHIEF OF THE ROYAL
AMERICAN REGIMENT OF FOOT;
A N D
ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S
MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL.
THE FOLLOWING POEM,
IS HUMBLY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR.

---- *Bellum, O terra hospita ! portas :*

Bello armantur equi, bellum hæc armenta minantur,

VIRG. ÆNEID. III.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,

And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;

Now thrive the armourers; and honour's thought

Reigns sclely in the breast of every man.

SHAKESPEARE.

A N
O D E
T O T H E
WARLIKE GENIUS of GREAT BRITAIN.

I.

IMMORTAL Power ! to whom by Heaven,
The care of Britain's warlike isle is given :
Whether thou sport'st upon the waves ;
While round her cliffs old Ocean raves,
Whether thou guid'st the storm of night, 5
Or rul'st the lightening's rapid flight.

B

Behind

Behind thee fear and dire dismay,
Before thy face while terrors fly,
Blackening with gloomy clouds the sky,

And mark thy dreadful way.

10

What shall thy near approach withstand?

(When Vengeance arms thy red right hand)

When, every wheel instinct with War,

Forth issues thy impetuous Car,

Which, whirling rapid thro' the skies,

15

(From motion kindling as it flies)

Like meteor, streaming to the troubled air,

On angry pinions, fiery Dragons bear.

II.

Behold! with joy thy native Plains,

Where martial spirit proudly reigns,

20

Freedom

Freedom---Goddeſs heavenly bright
Again prepares for vigorous fight :
Muſe of Glory !---Clio ſing,
Let Freedom ſound from every ſtring,
And trace her birth from the great ſource of light. 25

III.

Genius of Britain ! view the Plains
Where military Virtue reigns.
Pallid Fear her vain alarms
Idly ſpreads.---While Glory warms
Th' intrepid ſoul with her celeftial charms, 30
The ſtandard rears, and calls to arms :
Ye ſons of Britain hear !
From her refulgent ſphere

Aloud

Aloud she shouts,---and opes the bright abodes

Of Heroes, and of Demi-Gods: 35

On seats of burnish'd gold,

Where Arthur---Alfred sat of old;

---The great examples fire---

---To deathless deeds inspire,---

The sons of freedom rise---they claim 40

Their birthright---the reward of fame:

They catch the flame and energy divine,

And from their polish'd arms, the sun-beams brighter shine.

IV.

Gallia's pale Genius stands aghast,

(The Lillies wither in her hand) 45

Her Fleets receive the favouring blast,

But dare not seek the adverse Land.

On

On England's rough and rocky shore,
She hears th' awaken'd Lion roar.

V.

Pindar ! of boldest verse the fire ! 50

Great master of the boundless lyre !

Teach me one sound of thy immortal string.

---Shakespeare!---one spark from thy bright Muse of fire !

Bear me on her historic deathless wing,

While I Britannia's ancient heroes sing, 55

Reveal past deeds---without a crime

Give me to look into the grave of time.

I look---before my eyes behold

With regal aspect, and demeanor bold,

Warriors of ages past, and of ethereal mold. 60

VI.

Who yonder tow'rs with haughty strides along,
 Superior by the head to the admiring throng ?
 (A vanquish'd Monarch by his side appears,
 Whose deep-felt woes the generous victor chears)
 By fable arms distinguish'd from the rest, 65
 The ostrich-plumes high-nodding o'er his crest ;
 Great Edward's Heir!--on Cressy's plain renown'd !
 With Gallic spoils and gorgeous trophies crown'd.---
 Who yonder leans upon his shield ?
 And looks tow'rs Agincourt's enfanguin'd field, 70
 (Where

A vanquish'd Monarch] The king of France, taken by the Black Prince, and detained some time prisoner by his father Edward III. in Windsor Castle.

Ostrich-Plumes] The Ostrich Feather was in the arms of the conquer'd king of Bohemia, and thence adopted by the victorious Prince of Wales.

Great Edward's heir] The Prince of Wales the heroic son of Edward III. surnamed the Black Prince, because he wore black armour.

(Where Gallia's leaders press the ground
 With countless thousands stretch'd around)
 Like Peleus' son, in arms divine,
 Effulgent glories round him shine !

Henry ! thy awful form is known, 75
 And on thy laurel'd brow still gleams the hostile Crown.

VII.

Like Shades of night, the vision flies,
 No more romantic scenes arise :
 I wake from out the pleasing dream,
 And glad pursue the martial theme. 80
 Genius of Britain ! to thy office true,
 On yonder heath the waving banners view ;
 Where

Peleus' Son] Achilles the son of Peleus, had a suit of armour made for him by Vulcan at the request of Thetis. *Hom. Iliad.*

Henry!] Henry V. crown'd king of France.

On yonder heath] Cox-Heath.

Where Maidstone's antient fabric stands,
And Medway's streams refresh the thirsty lands ;

British spirit never droops : 85

Where late the foreign hireling troops,

A servile, mercenary band !

Disgrac'd the state, and sham'd the land ;

Now behold a native race

With freer step, and bolder grace ! 90

Thy Britain's offspring glad survey,

(Experienc'd Amherst leads the way)

See ! her heroic free-born chiefs advance,

And hurl defiance tow'rd perfidious France.

---To individual worth, Goddess, attend,

And Grafton view, the Soldier's Friend !

VIII.

Soldier's Friend.] His Grace the Duke of Grafton, was distinguished by that amiable
appellation.

VIII.

Is it Fancy's strong controul 95
Which thus o'erfways my raptur'd soul?
Do mine eyes discern aright?
Or brilliant beauty overpower my fight?
In martial vest
By Venus and the Graces drest, 100
To yonder tent, who leads the way?
Art thou Britannia's Genius? say!
Or in the softer features of thy face
Trace we the likenefs of the Malbro' race?
Hail! fair Devon! hail! 105
Thy powerful charms prevail;
When Churchill's offspring takes the field,
Ne'er shall the fons of Britain yield.

D

IX.

Devonia) The Duchefs of Devonshire.

IX.

Muse of Glory ! raise the verse
Churchill's matchless deeds rehearse. 110

Past time returns, recall'd by you,
And Blenheim rises to my view.

Like Mars himself, sublime he stands,

And urges on the daring bands,

Like Mars, inspir'd with Pallas' wiser mind, 115

Slaughter rages unconfin'd !

In vain the Gallic Squadrons strive

To keep the fainting War alive.

The House-hold troops retreat---they fly.

Victory lightens from his eye : 120

Desperate they plunge into the Flood,

The raging Danube swells with Blood :

Grim

Grim Fate inwraps his destin'd prey,
And orphan'd thousands weep that dreadful day,

X.

Hail ! fair Devonian ! hail ! 125

Malbro's descendant shall prevail :
From time's first æra, to the present hour,
All Warriors own resistless Beauty's power.

Fir'd by Helen's fatal charms,
Youthful Paris rush'd to arms. 130

By Thais artful smiles was won
Macedonia's conquering Son.
She rais'd his rage, or foon'd his ire :

To please the Dame,
He spread the Flame, 135

That wrapt the World's Metropolis in Fire.

If Thais thus the power possést
 From Honour's path to turn the Conqueror's mind,
 Do thou, bright Nymph, (in whose fair breast,
 The nobler virtues dwell enshrin'd,) 140
 Employ the power the Gods to Beauty gave,
 Exert thy chaster energy to save.

What may not public Virtue do,
 Approv'd, supported, chear'd by you?
 Thy influence what withstand? 145

'Mid blaze of Arms
 Thy brighter Charms
 Shall raise a Patriot Flame to save the Land.
 Allied to Cavendish, the Spencer-Race
 In thee shall gain a double grace : 150

Their

If Thais] Alexander in a drunken frolic (at the instigation of Thais, the celebrated Courtesan of Corinth) burnt Persipolis, the most beautiful and magnificent city of the East.

Their mingled Honours deck his line,
And thou our tutelar Minerva shine.

XI.

Where yon tall Spire salutes the sky, 150

Where Sarum's spacious Plains extend,
Before the gales, Equestrian ensigns fly,
And warlike Shouts the joyful Welkin rend.

Freedom's brave Sons, unknown to yield,
On generous courfers scour the field, 155

They burn with fierce delight,
Their injur'd Country's wrongs they feel,
Eager they snatch the gleamy Steel,
And fir'd by---Johnson---with th' avenging Fight.

E

XII.

Equestrian Ensigns] The Camp at Wilton on Salisbury Plain, consisted entirely of horse, commanded by General Johnson.

XII.

What wonderous Ruin yonder stands ? 160

A Pile, not rais'd by mortal hands,

Stone-Henge !---stupendous, antient frame !

Well know in days of early fame !

O Muse ! from thee what marvels spring ?

The Muse's work, the Muse shall sing.--- 165

Beyond the date of Records old,

Bards attun'd their harps of gold ;

The power of song was unconfin'd :

To prove its force, they all at once combin'd :

All Albion's Bards assembled round, 170

(Their Brows with Oaken Garlands crown'd)

To try the power immense of consecrated sound :

With

Antient frame] It appears from the most authentic records, that Stonehenge was a Temple of the Druids, before the establishment of Christianity in this kingdom.

With rapturous Fire,

They struck the Lyre:

With gestures wild, and looks entranc'd, 175

Along the vale in magic ranks they danc'd.

XIII.

Give us (they sung) great God of Light!

A glorious instance of thy might:

Some miracle impart,

To dignify the mystic art: 180

Their voice the God propitious hears---

He stoops---he shakes the lofty Spheres---

---He visibly descends.

Each mountain sinks, each valley bends.

And rocks the solid earth: 185

With

Great God of Light] The Druids worshipped the Sun.

With awe inspir'd

The Bards retir'd,

When lo! a wond'rous birth!

With instantaneous bound

The rocks were pil'd around: 190

Fabric compleat---amazing---new!

Stone-Henge arose to their enraptur'd view,

XIV.

Sacred to Bards, and Druids' magic power

The Fane upsprang, in happy hour,

In time's remoter date: 195

To Sages old

And Chieftains bold,

An Oracle of State

To

To Bards the Gods decreed

To charm the martial throng, 200

To sing the Warrior-song,

And form the Youth t'acquire bright Glory's meed.

Ev'n now (they say) what time at still midnight

The Moon's mild beams the vales delight,

The simple Shepherds, think they hear 205

Sounds more than human in the air.

Stronger Fancy Reason warps ;

Majestic forms of Druids rise

In sudden vision to their eyes,

And tune their shadowy harps. 210

XV.

Since arms emblaze the fields---appear

Spectres more frequent in the air :

Arrang'd in order bright
Well pleas'd amid the tents to rove,
The Shades of mighty Heroes move 215
Cloth'd in the robes of night.
Inspire the sons of Mars in dreams,
And fire their Souls with warlike Themes.
Protracted sleep they scorn.
From beds of Sloth upborn 220
Light and active as the Morn
Refresh'd they rise.
With winged Speed,
They mount the Steed,
And raise the Shout of Triumph to the Skies. 225

XVI.

Britain's Genius! view well-pleas'd
 The mighty Force, thy power hath rais'd.
 Where fainted Edmund sleeps,
 (O'er whose tomb oblivion creeps)
 On the neighbouring martial land,
 See Saville lead th' Eborean Band.

230

Hark! whence Warlike Shouts arise,
 To yonder Common---turn thine ardent eyes,
 Where the thund'ring Cannons make
 The sturdiest Oaks of Brentwood shake!

Where

Where Edmund sleeps] St. Edmundsbury, in the county of Suffolk.

Neighbouring Land] The camp in the neighbourhood of St. Edmundsbury.

Eborean Band] Yorkshire, from Eboracum the Roman name for York.

Thund'ring Cannon] The camp of Warley Common, near Brentwood, Essex, remarkable for a fine Park of Artillery.

Look down once more---behold again---

On fam'd Wintonia's chalky Plain: 235

Where yonder Royal Ruin lies

And Gothic towers obscurely rise,

Where Plenty smiles, 'mid waving corn,

On fruitful meads luxuriant crops are born,

And fleecy flocks the neighbouring hills adorn. 240

Behold! conspicuous in the line,

Where Dorset, Rivers, Berkley, Paget shine!

Where Squadrons move in Armour bright:

With mingled Beauties please thy fight,

A various prospect, wide and far, 245

Riches of Peace and images of War!

XVII.

Royal Ruin] The shell of a Palace built by Charles II. on the ruins of an old Castle, once the seat of the Saxon Kings.

XVII.

(On yonder mountain's fides,

Object illustrious, great and new !

The highly grac'd Pavilion view,

Where Majesty resides. 250

For him the Arts a deathless wreath entwine,

While round the throne shall bright-ey'd Science shine,

His awful brow inspire the martial rage,

While Charlotte's softer smiles adorn a polish'd age.

---Aonian virgins ! heavenly bland 255

View yonder classic band,

Your British Sons, all blooming youths and fair,

In garb of Rome, with hyacinthine hair,

Marshall'd by Warton's skill, beneath his guardian care ;

G

His

Classic Band] The Winchester Scholars, dressed in their gowns and caps.

His mental eye may view mid these, 260

Some future Tully or Demosthenes,

Some youthful Virgil lie conceal'd,

Or Lyric Horace unreveal'd.

---Rapt of erst with FANCY's heavenly fire,

Why, Warton, sleeps thy tuneful lyre? 265

Would'st thou but deign of arms to sing,

And touch but once th' heroic string,

Ardour divine would kindle round,

“ And Men grow Heroes at the sound.”)

This Stanza added at the time of the Royal Review at Winchester.

XVIII.

From hardy Regions of the North, 270

Fierce Caledonia's Sons pour forth ;

The

Fancy's fire] Alluding to Dr. Warton's beautiful Ode to Fancy.

The plaided troop the target wield,
With thundering footsteps shake the field,
While, like the lightening, (from impulse divine,)
Their glittering broad swords flash and shine. 270

---Glory her course unbounded runs,
And fires Damnonia's distant sons,
The "spirit-stirring drum" alarms,
And Acland leads the youth in arms ;

*(With glory, for a while no more, alas ! they burn, 275

Their Leader lost, the drooping Squadrons mourn,

A slow and melancholy train

With arms inverted, o'er the plain !

O Muse of glory ! shed the godlike tear

To grace heroic Acland's funeral bier.) 275

From

Damnonia's Sons] Damnonia, the antient name of Devonshire.

Acland leads] John Dyke Acland, Esq; (the eldest Son of Sir Thomas Acland, Bart. of Pixton) Colonel of the first Battalion of Devonshire Militia, one of the best disciplined Provincial Regiments in the Kingdom.

* Added on Colonel Acland's Death.

---From Cambria's Muse-deserted fountains,
From her bleak sky-bounded mountains,
Their kindred country to defend.

Britain's antient race descend ;
Glamorgan's warriors quit their native Land,-- 280
Gallant Mountfuart heads the band ;
The fiery youth he scarce restrains
(Tumultuous ardor in their veins)

Eager to prove their force on England's warlike plains :
Each Hero emulates his fire, 285
The nation glows with martial ire :

With Cadwall's native rage, and bold Llewellyn's fire !
On every heath, on every strand,
Embattled Legions grace the Land :

To Arms---the hollow vallies found, 290
To Arms---to Arms---the hills rebound
Eccho, well-pleas'd, repeats the voice around.

XIX.

Muse of Glory ! cease thy Strain,

Muse of Melancholly reign,

For one short penfive hour : 295

Genius of Britain ! 'mid thy power,

With head declin'd, in anguish mourn

O'er Chatham's patriot Urn.

Immortal Chatham ! from thy tongue

Demosthenean accents hung, 300

While, with applause, the listening Senate rung ;

Who now that Senate shall controul,

And flash conviction on the soul ?

Combine with eloquence the Patriot flame.

And spread o'er every Shore thy Country's fame ? 305

H

Oh !

Oh ! to thy Country ever dear !

Thy Spirit let our Souls revere !

Thy Vigour in our Hearts infuse !

Our Troops inspire---inspire the Muse !

Secure within our happy Isle,

310

Bid us at vain Invasion smile :

---Our Fleets triumphant o'er the Main,

Old Ocean's Empire still maintain :

---Keppel's Imperial Flag advance

And point his thunder 'gainst the coast of France, 315

(Wide as the waters flow

Keep the Subject waves in awe)

Make Britain's Naval Terrors known

And Lewis tremble on his splendid throne.

O D E
T O
C U R I O S I T Y.

A
P O E T I C A L A M U S E M E N T

F O R

BATHEASTON VILLA.

THE SECOND EDITION.

DEDICATED TO EDWARD ROCHE, ESQ. OF TRABULGAN,
COUNTY OF CORK, IRELAND.

* * * This little extemporaneous Poem was first printed by R. CRUTWELL, of Bath, under the signature of IMPARTIALIST ; but on account of the extreme haste, in which it was written, it is now a little corrected and enlarged, to render it more worthy of the Gentleman's Patronage to whom it is dedicated ; and of that Lady's taste, who honoured it with the Myrtle.



O D E T O C U R I O S I T Y.

I.

ALL Hail ! thou heaven-descended Maid !

In Fancy's various robes array'd !

First of thy shining train :

Wisdom's Child, inventive Art,

(Taught to expand the liberal heart)

Shall own thy wide domain.

II.

To thee, O Nymph, my Muse shall sing,

If thou but plume her trembling wing,

And bid her pinions rise ;

Without thy aid, she mounts no height,

Nor emulates Pindaric flight,

Content with humbler skies.

III

Antient or modern, all we know,
To thy bright origin we owe;---

The Healing Art is thine :
With Thee the COAN SAGE was fraught,
From Thee deriv'd that heavenly thought,
Which stamp'd his works divine,

IV.

GALEN's great mind thou led'st, to view
Man's wonderous Fabric; whence he knew

The harmony of parts :
In his dark age, Anatomy
Languish'd in feeble infancy,
'Mong rude unfinish'd arts.

Succeeding

Coan Sage,] Hippocrates was called the Divine Old Man of Cos, at which place he wrote his Coan Prognostics.

Harmony of Parts.] Galen wrote a Treatise, *de Usu Partium Corporis humani*.

V.

Succeeding Sages caught the flame,
More nicely scann'd the human frame :

---To trace th' arterial way ;
To trace the veins from every part,
Meandering to the fountain heart,
Reserv'd for HARVEY's Day.

VI.

To HUNTER thou hast lastly shown,
(All that perchance shall e'er be known)

Of th' human form divine :
Thou didst direct his searching eye,
The smallest lymphæduct to spy,
And nerve minutely fine.

Rais'd

Harvey's day] Dr. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, in the year 1621 ;
tho' Servetus a Spaniard, who lived at Villeneuve, (from thence called Villonovanus),
found out that the blood circulated from the heart thro' both lobes of the lungs, near
100 years before him.

VII.

Rais'd by thy wonder-working hand,
Behold thy own bright Temple stand,
Offspring of HUNTER's Mind.---

'Mid Learning's old and modern lore,
And Nature's choice collected store,
There, Goddess, dwell enshrin'd!

VIII.

Thou, Science' wandering steps did'st guide,
Her antient Reign extending wide,
From Egypt's Realm to Greece:
To Attic Wit thou gav'st the fire,
Thy breath, bold Jason did inspire
To gain the Golden Fleece.

By

Thy own bright Temple] Dr. W. HUNTER's Museum in Great Windmill Street,---a most valuable repository of the finest collection of human anatomy in the known world; of a most curious collection of medals and fossils, and of the best editions of the antient and modern authors, &c. &c.

IX.

From thee, no less than Glory fir'd !

PHILIP's great Son to Fame aspir'd---

Thou wast the leading star :

From thee, presiding at his birth,

Restless he travers'd the wide earth,

And wag'd an endless War.

X.

Thy powerful sway old Latium knew,

Where'er the Roman Eagle flew.---

To civilize Mankind

On Conquest's laurell'd helm, you sat

Attending JULIUS' milder state,

In triumph o'er the mind.

K

Past

The leading Star.] Some historian remarks that when Alexander the Great was born, an appearance like a star, shone o'er the house of his father Philip.

To civilize Mankind] Julius Cæsar introduced the liberal Arts and Sciences among the conquered nations, and was no less curious than ambitious.

XI.

Past Time's abyfs, you bring to view,

Heroes of old, preserv'd by you

Live in th' Historians' page :

To them th' indulgent Gods decreed,

Still to preserve each glorious deed,

Unfullied down thro' age.

XII.

To native mansions unconfin'd,

Tis thou dost form the roving mind,

And tempting lead'st the way :

Thou rear'st the mast, and spread'st the fail,

To catch the swiftly-winged gale

Wide o'er the raging sea.

XIII.

By thee COLUMBUS' self was taught,

And thou didst prompt the daring thought

Of his unbounded mind,

Far,

Columbus] A Genoese, discovered America in the year 1492.

Far,---far from safe, inglorious home,
Wide o'er th' Atlantic main to roam,
Another World to find.

XIV.

From thee (their bright and sacred source)
Invention's streams derive their course,
And flow to modern hour :
You teach th' Electric wonderful force
To emulate the lightening's course,
You rival Jove's dread power.

XV.

Our modern Sages learnt from thee
The Loadstone's mystic quality,
True to the Polar Star :
Safeguard to Mariners o'er seas,
Who hence are taught, thro' pathless ways,
To steer their course afar.

CADMUS,

XVI.

CADMUS, from Thee, by travel taught,
Gave visibility to thought

To exprefs the distant heart :---

Thou didst improve his ruder plan,
Fresh to preserve the thought of man,

Thou gav'st the Printing-Art.

XVII.

Th' ideas glowing hence we read,
Of Bards and Sages long since dead,

And hear the Orphean lyre :

Printing preserves Mæonian Rage,
The Mantuan's sweet majestic Page,

And SHAKESPEARE's Muse of Fire.

Not

Cadmus] Who had travelled into Egypt, invented letters in Greece, but took the hint from the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Mæonian] Homer so called from Mæonia, the supposed place of his birth.

Mantuan] Virgil, born at Mantua.

XVIII.

Not this small globe confines thy hand,---

Thou scorn'st th'extent of sea and land,

And seek'st thy native skies :

To rove thro' regions heavenly bright,

And bring from darkness mental light,

Thou had'st a NEWTON rise.

XIX.

By Thee inspir'd, he fearless soar'd,

The trackless paths of space explor'd,

Up to the first Great Cause ;

Th' eccentric Comets' course he knew,

From principles sublimely-few,

Explain'd all Nature's laws.

XX.

Th' attractive and repulsive force,

He taught to solve the Planets' course

Encircling thee, O Sun !

Taught how thy Orb of heat and light,
With unconfuming ardors bright,
Round his own centre run.

XXI.

'Mid worlds, and suns, in space immense,
Astonishing to mortal sense !

To systems unconfin'd
On wings of Light, sublime he rode,
In mental vision saw his GOD---

THE UNIVERSAL MIND !

XXII.

---Descend, my Muse, from Heaven descend,
On female excellence attend,

And thou present my strains,

Where

Own centre run.] Tho' Pythagoras in Greece, at an early period, discovered that the earth moved round the sun, and not the sun round the earth : and tho' Copernicus revived this system, in the fifteenth century ; it was Sir Isaac Newton first discovered the principles of attraction and repulsion, by which the solar system subsists.

Wings of Light.] Sir Isaac Newton made some valuable discoveries in the Science of Optics.

Where Taste and Elegance resort,

And all the Muses seek the court,

Where female Phœbus reigns.

XXIII.

MILLER, all hail!---the Muse's Queen !

Around thee smiles the chearful green,

And Avon flows along ;

Each Avon gains a local fame,

And both acquire immortal name,

From Thine and SHAKESPEARE's song !

XSIV.

Daughters and sons of sacred verse,

To thee their choicest lays rehearse,

And, listening, throng around ;

The

Each Avon.] Alluding to two rivers of the name of Avon. One that runs by Stratford, where Shakespeare was born. The other runs by the Villa at Bath Easton, where Mrs. Miller resides.

The neighbouring streams forget to flow,
(As sense of harmony they know)

Charm'd with the magic sound.

XXV.

Conscious of worth, free Bards aspire,
And boldly strike the British lyre,---

Supreme in taste, you stand.
Supremely blest, who shall be found
Worthy to be with myrtle crown'd,
By thy judicious hand?

XXVI.

Not such the bough that Venus show'd,
Or the kind Sybil erst bestow'd

On fam'd ANCHISES' son :

Thy

The kind Sybil.] Latet arbore opacâ
Aureus & foliis & lento vimine ramus,
Junoni infernæ dictus facer.

VIRGIL, Æneid 6.

. In the neighbourin grove,
There stands a tree : The Queen of Stygian Jove
Claims it her own.---One golden bough it bears. DRYDEN.

Thy never-fading wreath who gains,
The boasted guerdon of his strains,

A greater boon has won.

XXVII.

The Sybil-Prophetess but gave
Her bough, to find Hell's gloomy cave,----

To thine a power is given,
Depressed Genius high to raise,
Ambitious Minds to feed with Praise,
And lift the Soul to Heaven.

M

MILLER,

Guerdon.] Reward.---*Spenser.*

Hell's gloomy cave.] Sed non antè datur telluris operta subire,
Auricomos quàm quis decerpserit arbore fœtus.
Hoc sibi pulchra suum ferri Proserpina munus
Instituit.

VIRGIL, *Æneid* 6.

This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
And to fair Proserpine, the present born,
Ere leave be given to tempt the nether skies.

DRYDEN.

MILLER, all hail !---the Muses' theme !

MILLER, all hail !---in taste supreme !

Thy Fame no bounds shall know,
While drooping Science rears her head,
While English Poesy is read,
Or Avon's stream shall flow.

A Poetical Encomium on TRADE,
ADDRESSED TO THE
MERCANTILE CITY OF BRISTOL.

Spoken by Mr. CAUTHERLY, for Mr. CLARKE's Benefit, at BRISTOL THEATRE,
in the Summer of the Year 1777.

ALL hail to BRISTOL!---Commerce's fam'd Retreat!

Of Wealth and Merchandize the happy Seat!

Where AVON flows along the fertile Vale,

Freighted with Riches from each Western Gale:

Her Meads, and Hills, with Verdure crown'd and Flocks,

The FOUNT of HEALTH fresh issuing from her Rocks.

Nor let her wealthy Sons of Taste refuse,

To own the Tragic or the Comic Muse.---

To

Fount of Health] Descriptive of the Hot Wells.

To Commerce,---Power and Greatness owe their Birth,
 And her's the Produce of the fruitful Earth,
 Parent of Arts---of Industry the Child---

On TYRE, the Queen of Ocean, first she smil'd :

From Trade alone the crowned City rose,
 And like a Cedar, rear'd her towering Brows.

---Her princely Merchants triumph'd o'er her Foes !

On barren ATTICA she next abode,
 By Phœbus nurtur'd, wit-inspiring God :

Wisdom's stern Goddess smil'd mid War's Alarms,
 And nurs'd the lovely Stranger in her Arms.

---Spirit of Commerce fir'd the Sons of GREECE,

And Heroes traded for the GOLDEN FLEECE.

ATHENIAN PALLAS, joyful claim'd the Prize,

And bad the Labours of the Loom arise.

From

From GREECE enslav'd, with Liberty she fled,
 Nor dar'd again to raise her exil'd Head ;
 Cherish'd in ITALY, she thriv'd and grew,
 And spread her Sails, where e'er her Eagle flew ;
 Nor her fair Train did bright-eyed Science quit,
 'Till ROME's fam'd Forum was the Mart of Wit ;
 With Conquest tir'd, her Warriors fought Repose,
 From Wealth and Taste her Theatre arose ;
 VIRGIL and HORACE strung the Roman Lyre,
 And TERENCE caught the Flame from bold MENANDER's Fire :
 While rival Eloquence improv'd the Age,
 TULLY the Rostrum ROSCIUS grac'd the Stage.

BRITANNIA last, commercial Influence blest,
 Commerce and Taste by Liberty carest.
 A Maiden-Queen was pre-ordain'd by Fate,
 From her, our letter'd Æra took its Date ;

While Arts, and Arms, and Empire crown'd the Age, }
 The Drama claim'd the Royal Patronage, }
 And Great ELIZA read immortal SHAKESPEARE's Page. }
 The blushing Muses, and their modest Train,
 Turn'd Royal Prostitutes in CHARLES's Reign ;
 Laughing THALIA Virtue made her Sport,
 And, e'en MELPOMENE intrigu'd at Court :
 The Muse of Modesty resumes her Lays,
 And SHERIDAN adorns great GEORGE's Days ;
 Happy alone the golden Mean to hit,
 And join for ever Chastity and Wit !

Nor Monarchs on the Merchant dare to frown,
 Trade brings the Gem, that sparkles in the Crown :
 Commerce and Freedom, BRITONS claim their own,
 On Trade's broad Basis stands BRITANNIA's Throne.

But

Chastity and Wit] Alluding to Mr. SHERIDAN's admired Comedy of the SCHOOL
 for SCANDAL.

But civil Discord !---Muse avert thine Head,
 Nor view the vast Atlantic stain'd with Red :
 Commerce (her Cheeks while crimson Blushes hide)
 Avoids the guilty Ocean slaughter-dy'd.
 Discord !---her fiery Torch advancing high,
 With Hydra-head invades the angry Sky ;
 Be her fell Torch extinguish'd in the Flood !
 And Brothers cease to shed their Brothers' Blood !
 Resume, O meek-eyed Muse, thy wonted Smile !
 Rejoice, O Commerce, in thy chosen Isle !
 Be all thy Sails with every Wind unfurl'd,
 And seek again well-pleas'd the WESTERN WORLD.

Fair Trade and Merchandize are BRISTOL's Pride ;
 (Nor Wealth from Charity shall aught divide)
 But liberal Thoughts your generous Hearts extend
 Where COLSTON liv'd,---of all Mankind the Friend.---

Nor

Colston liv'd] He was a general Benefactor to the City of Bristol.

Nor antient BRISTOL, did the Muses scorn;
 Here ROWLIE, lovely, sweetest Bard was born:
 And here his Muse first took her lofty Flight,
 (Doom'd to Oblivion and the Shades of Night!)
 Had not your penetrating Eye survey'd,
 And brought forth into Day the long-lost Maid:
 ---Thus sinks the Sun beneath the Western Skies,
 With double Splendor in the East to rise.
 From Chains of Darkness freed, true Genius will aspire;
 For nothing can extinguish heavenly Fire.

The glowing Embers, CHATTERTON relum'd,
 Unhappy Youth! to swift Destruction doom'd!

The

Here Rowlie] A most excellent Poet, who lived in Bristol about 50 years after the Death of Chaucer; the Authenticity of whose Poems is sufficiently ascertained in Bristol, not only by internal Evidence, but on the Authority of some Gentlemen of the first Character.

Chatterton } A very ingenious young Man, who was the means of producing to the learned World, the valuable Relicks of Rowlie's Poetry; he was dead before the

age

The Youth untimely lost ! the Muses mourn !
 And with their Tears bedew Self-slaughter's Urn.
 Nor can the milder Graces quit your Shore,
 While each inspiring Muse resides with---MORE :

O

Nor

age of Eighteen, and could not (for many reasons too long to be enumerated here,) possibly be the Author of the Poems himself; tho' in his own juvenile productions, he displayed a fine fancy and true poetic genius, as may be seen from some of his own little poems, that are yet preserved. It is rather singular, that one of the first Critics and Poets of the age should be led to suppose, that young Chatterton could be the author of the poems, attributed to Rowlie; because, among other conjectures, he had penetration enough to discover that there were some modern words, and sometimes great part of a modern stanza interspersed among the original antique Poem. The plain fact was, whenever Chatterton could not make out all the words of the old Manuscript, as he was quick of invention and not sufficiently an Antiquarian; he ventured on his own judgment to substitute similar words of a more modern origin. But what proves the authenticity of Rowlie's writings in general beyond a dispute, is, that a manuscript of his, lately found, makes mention of a certain church or chapel, built in his days, the foundation of which hath lately been discovered, in digging down some old walls in Bristol, since Chatterton's death; and corresponds very nearly to Rowlie's description.-----The Author, who had some little knowledge of Chatterton, is in possession of some anecdotes relative to him, as yet unknown to the learned world, and which he means to make public.

Miss Hannah More] An Authoress, residing at Bristol, whose Literary Fame the Author of this little Piece endeavoured to vindicate under the Signature of IMPARTIALIST, in some of the Morning Prints, when her Tragedy of *Piercy* was inveighed against with a great Degree of Malevolence by the London Critics and disappointed Authors.

Nor BRISTOL shall abstruse Science shun,
Where half a NEWTON's Knowledge lives with DONN.

To your free Choice the Drama's Sons submit,
Their various Merchandize of English Wit.

On their weak Efforts deign to smile well pleas'd,
And patronize the STAGE, your Taste hath rais'd.

Newton's knowledge] Mr. BENJAMIN DONN, a Native of Devonshire, an ingenious Mathematician, and Lecturer of Philosophy.

The Stage] The THEATRE in King-street, constructed on an excellent Plan, was built by the voluntary Subscription of the Inhabitants of Bristol.

(51)

A N E P I T A P H,

I N T E N D E D F O R

The Rev. Mr. E C C L E S;

Who lost his Life by humanely endeavouring to save a
Lad, who was drowning, in the River Avon near Bath.

R E A D E R ! one Drop of Pity from thine Eyes,
To grace the tomb, where much-lov'd ECCLES lies :
Nor blush for him thy Feelings to impart,
Who best describ'd the FEELINGS OF THE HEART,
His Joy for others Joy the first to show,
And first to sympathize with others Woe,
He the high Paths of heavenly Science trod,
Explain'd to Man the Oracles of God ;

With

The Feelings of the Heart] Mr. ECCLES was (at the time of his death) reputed the
Author of the Man of Feeling.

With Christian Doctrines, moral Precepts mixt,
And both on Truth's eternal Basis fixt.

---Polish'd rough Virtue with a Taste refin'd.

“ The Lover and the Love of Human Kind :”

His Mind all selfish Motives soar'd above,

He died the Martyr of pure social Love :

His willing Hand extending free to save,

A Friendless Stranger sinking in the Wave,

Were both o'erwhelmed in a Watery Grave. }

His feeling Heart in Avon ceas'd to beat,

(The stream extinguishing the Vital Heat)

---The pious Deed shall ne'er Oblivion know,

Whilst feeling Hearts shall beat, or social Love shall glow.



